to be due to his invention are that which compels all freeholders, except parsons, to have had a year of possession, and the other clause preserving Tavistock, the family rotten-borough of the Russells. Russell was but a subordinate member of the Reform Ministry, without a vote in the cabinet, viz: Paymaster of the Forces, from November, 1830, to November, 1834. He was, perhaps, the most insignificant man among them. But from his being the son of the mighty Duke of Bedford he was singled out for the honor of introducing the bill into the House of Commons.

Beside the Reform-bill discussion, Lord John distinguished himself by the acrimony and virulence with which he opposed all inquiry into the pension-list. Some years later, when all the prominent members of the original Reform cabinet, having been removed to the Lords, died out, or separated from the Whigs, Lord John not only entered upon their inheritance, but soon passed in the eyes of the country as the natural father of the bill of which he had been but the godfather by courtesy. On bringing in the Reform bill, he said: "There can be no doubt that the *ballot* "has much to recommend it; the arguments "which I have heard advanced in its favor are "as ingenious as any that I ever heard on any "subject." As to Short Parliaments, "that "was a question of the utmost importance, "which he left to be brought before the House "by some other member at a future time, in "order not to embarrass the great subject with "details." On the 7th June, 1833, he pretended to have "refrained from bringing forward "those two measures in order to avoid a col-"lision with the Lords, although opinions deeply "seated in his heart. He was convinced of "their being most essential to the happiness, "prosperity and welfare of this country."

Whether in consequence of this deeply-seated conviction or not, he proved during his whole ministerial career the constant and relentless adversary of the ballot and short parliaments. But when these declarations were made they served as expedients, in the first place, to allay the suspicious democrats in the House of Commons, and in the second, to frighten the refractory aristocrats in the House of Lords. But as soon as he had got possession of the new Court of Queen Victoria and fancied himself an immortal place-holder, out he came with his declaration of November, 1837, wherein he justified the "ex-"treme" length to which the "Reform bill "had gone" on the plea of barring the possibility of ever going further. He stated coolly that "the object of the Reform bill was to in-"crease the predominance of the *landed* inter-"est, and it was intended as a *permanent settle-"ment* of a great constitutional question." From this finality statement he earned the *soubriquet* of Finality-John. But this finality was as false a pretense as his reform itself. It is true, he resisted Hume's motion for Parliamentary Reform in 1848. With the combined forces of Whigs, Tories, and Peelites, he again defeated Hume on a similar motion in 1849. Emboldened by his conservative army of reserve, he then most haughtily spoke to the purport that "in framing "and proposing the Reform bill, what we wished "was to adapt the representation of this House "to the other powers of the State, and keep it "in harmony with the Constitution. Mr. Bright "and those who agree with him are so exceed-"ingly narrow-minded, they have intellect and "understanding bound up in such a narrow "round, that it is quite impossible to get them to "understand the great principles on which our "ancestors founded the Constitution of the coun-"try, and which we, their successors, humbly "admire and endeavor to follow. The existing "system, though somewhat anomalous, worked "well: the better for the anomalies."

However, being defeated in 1851 in his opposition to Locke King's bill for extending the county franchise to £10 occupiers, and even forced to resign for some days, Lord John suddenly made up his large mind on the necessity of a new Reform bill. He did not state what his measure was to be, but he gave a promissory note payable at the next session of Parliament. How this move was judged of by his own confederates may be seen from *The Westminster Review*: "The pretense of the pres-"ent Ministry to office had become a byword "of scorn and reproach; and at length, when "its exclusion and party annihilation seemed "imminent, forth comes Lord John with the "promise of a new Reform Bill for 1852. Keep "me in office, he says, till that time, and I will "satisfy your longings by a large and liberal "measure of reform. The Reformers of the "House of Commons yielded to that reasoning." In 1852 he indeed proposed a Reform bill, this time of his own invention, but of such Lilliputian features that neither the Conservatives thought it worth while to attack nor the Liberals to support it. Still, it afforded the little man a pretext when resigning his ministry for throwing in his flight a Scythian dart at Lord Derby, by uttering the pompous threat that he would "insist on the extension of the suffrage." Barely out of office, this child of expediency, now emphatically called by his own followers Foul-Weather Jack, summoned to his private residence at Chesham-place the different sections of the Liberal party to make solemn asseverations of his own large-mindedness, and to hand to them another promissory bill of a larger amount of reform. When a member of the Coalition cabinet, he amused the House with a Reform bill which he knew would prove another Iphigenia, to be sacrificed by himself, another Agamemnon, for the benefit of another Trojan war. He performed the sacrifice indeed in true melodramatic style, his eyes filled with tears, but these soon passed away.

Another of the false pretenses on which he sought a niche in the temple of fame was his efforts on behalf of Ireland. Since the Anti-Jacobin war, the Whigs, feeling themselves at an extremely low ebb in England, endeavored to fortify their position by an offensive and defensive alliance with Ireland. Stepping into office in 1806, they introduced and carried through the second reading a small Irish Emancipation bill, which they then withdrew to flatter the bigot idiotcy of George III. Before and during the Reform agitation they fawned upon O'Connell, and the hopes raised in Ireland served them as powerful engines of party. Yet their first act at the first meeting of the Reformed Parliament was a declaration of civil war against Ireland, a "bru-"tal and bloody measure," the Irish Coercion "Red-Coat Tribunal bill," according to which men were to be tried in Ireland by military officers, instead of by Judges and Juries. O'Connell was prosecuted for sedition. The Whigs fulfilled their ancient promises with "fire, impris-"onment, transportation and even with death." They carried, however, the Coercion bill only on the express stipulation that they would bring in and carry an Irish Church bill, with a clause stipulating that a certain portion of the revenues of the Established Church in Ireland should be placed at the disposal of Parliament, with the view to employ it for the benefit of Ireland. This clause was important from acknowledging the principle that Parliament had the power of expropriating the Established Church, a principle John Russell ought to be convinced of, the whole immense property of his family being formed of church plunder. Having engaged to stand or fall by that bill, they hastened, on the ground of avoiding a collision with the Lords, to take out that very clause, the only part in the bill of any value at all. They then voted against and defeated their own measure. But when Peel came in, at the end of 1834, their Irish sympathizers were roused again as by an electric shock. John Russell was the principal agent in bringing about, in 1835, the Lichfield House compact, through which the Whigs surrendered to O'Connell the Irish patronage, and O'Connell secured to them the Irish votes. But there was wanting a pretext for ejecting the Tories. John, with characteristic impudence, chose as battle-field the Ecclesiastical Revenues of Ireland. He attacked and turned out Sir Robert Peel because of his resistance to that very clause, now called the appropriation clause, which the Reform Ministry themselves had abandoned. The Melbourne cabinet was formed, and Lord John became leader in the House of Commons. He now began to boast on the one hand of his mental firmness, because although now in office he still adhered to his opinions on the appropriation clause; and on the other hand of his moral moderation in not acting upon those same opinions. He never acted upon them. In 1846, when Premier, he contrived to get rid of the opinions too. He professed that he could not conceive a more fatal measure than the disestablishment of the Church, and declined to take any further notice of the project of 1835.

In February, 1833, John Russell as a member of the Reform Ministry denounced Irish Repeal, and stated that the real object of the agitation was "to overturn at once the United Par-"liament, and to establish, in place of King, "Lords, and Commons of the United Kingdom, "some parliament of which Mr. O'Connell was "to be the leader and the chief." In February, 1834, the Repeal agitation was again denounced in the King's speech, and the Reform Ministry proposed an address "to record in the most "solemn manner the fixed determination of Par-"liament to maintain unimpaired and undis-"turbed the legislative union." Immediately on being shifted to the opposition benches, the very same John Russell declared that, "with re-"spect to the repeal of the union, the subject "was open to amendment or question, like any "other act of the legislature."

In March, 1846, Lord J. Russell in strange alliance with the Tories, then burning with the passion to punish Peel for the repeal of the Corn Laws, broke up Peel's administration by an unconditional opposition to their Irish arms bill. He became Premier, and the first act of his government was an attempt to renew that same bill. In 1844 he had denounced Peel for "having filled "Ireland with troops, and with not governing "but militarily occupying that country." In 1848 he occupied Ireland militarily, passed the felony acts, proclaimed the suspension of the habeas corpus, and gloried in the vigorous measures of the Clarendon reign.

Let us now look at his Free-trade pretenses. The Corn Laws had been enacted in 1815 by the concurrence of Tories and Whigs. At the parliamentary elections of 1835 and 1837, John Russell stigmatized Corn Law reform as "mis-"chievous, absurd, impracticable and unneces-"sary." Since he came into office he had resisted all such demands, "at first contemptu-"ously, and then vehemently." He was a more thorough advocate for high Corn duties than Sir Robert Peel. During the prospect of dearth, (1838-39) he and Melbourne did not contemplate any alterations in the existing duties. The deficit, however, in the Whig exchequer rising to £7,500,000, and Palmerston's foreign policy threatening to involve England in a war with France, induced the House of Commons to pass, on June 3, 1841, upon the motion of Sir Robert Peel, a vote of no-confidence in the Melbourne cabinet. The Whigs, always as eager to grasp at places as unable to fill and unwilling to leave them, endeavored, although in vain, to escape their fate by a dissolution of Parliament. Then in the deep soul of Lord John awoke the idea of stultifying the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, as he had hoped to stultify the Reform movement. He declared himself all at once in favor of a moderate fixed duty—friend of moderate political chastity and of moderate reforms as he is. He had even the effrontery to parade himself through the streets of London in a procession of the Government candidates carrying banners, on which were exhibited in contrast two loaves, a loaf of a two-penny size inscribed the Peel Loaf, and a loaf of a 1s. size inscribed the Russell Loaf. The nation, however, knew from experience that the Whigs were wont to promise bread and to give stones, and, notwithstanding Russell's ridiculous street theatricals, the new election left the Whig cabinet in a minority of 76, and they were forced to decamp at last.

During the years 1841-45, the Anti-Corn-Law League became formidable. In the Autumn of 1845, it found new and terrible allies in the famine in Ireland, the corn-dearth in England, and the failure of the harvest all over Europe. Sir Robert Peel therefore at the end of October, and between the 1st and the 6th November, held a series of cabinet Councils, in which he proposed the suspension of the Corn Laws, and even hinted at the necessity of repealing them altogether. A delay in the resolutions of the cabinet was caused by the unexpected resistance of Lord Stanley, the colleague of Sir Robert Peel. John Russell, then on a pleasure trip at Edinburgh, got scent of what passed in Peel's cabinet council. He resolved at once to improve the delay caused by Stanley's opposition, to cheat Peel out of a popular position by anticipating him, to give himself the appearance of having forced Free trade upon Peel, and thus deprive the acts of his rival of all their moral weight. Accordingly, on Nov. 22, 1845, he addressed from Edinburgh a letter to his city electors full of malignant imputations against Sir Robert Peel, on the pretext that the cabinet was adjourning its action concerning the Irish distress. The periodical Irish famines of 1831 '35, '37 and '39, had never induced Lord John and his colleagues so much as to reconsider the Corn Laws. But now he was all fire. Such a terrible disaster as the famine of two nations conjured nothing before the eyes of that little man but visions of clap traps against his rival place-holder. In his letter he tried to conceal the real motive of his sudden conversion to Free trade under a shabby confession, sneered at in all England: "I confess that on the general subject my views "have, in the course of twenty years, under-"gone a great alteration. I used to be of opin-"ion that corn was an exception to the general "rules of political economy; but observation "and experience have convinced me that we "ought to abstain from all interference with "the supply of food." In the same letter, the little man urged that it was the duty of Sir Robert Peel to interfere with the supply of food for Ireland.

Lord John Russell is supposed to have opened his career with efforts for religious tolerance, and closed it with the anti-Popery cry. It is true that he brought forward in 1828 a motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts; but, as we learn from a cotemporaneous author, "*to the astonishment* of the mover himself, the "motion was carried by a majority of 44." The acts had, in fact, become a dead letter, and the Tory ministry that carried, in the year after, the Catholic Emancipation bill, was glad to get rid of the Dissenters' disabilities. Russell defended his measure on the ground that "he was "fully convinced that it would tend to the se-"curity of the Church of England as by law es-"tablished." When in office, he always opposed the separation of Church and State—the great thing the Dissenters prayed for. He even opposed the small concession of abolishing the church-rates. His anti-Popery cry is still more characteristic of the shallowness of the man and the littleness of his motives. We have seen that in 1848 and 1849 he baffled the Reform motions of his own allies by the support of the Tories. His tenure of office, therefore, had become very precarious, because dependent on the sufferance of his opponents. Such was his position in 1850, at the time when the Pope's bull for the erection of a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England and the nomination of Cardinal Wiseman to the Archbishopric of Westminster was creating a factitious excitement among the shallow-headed, stupid and hypocritical portion of the English people. As to John himself, the Pope did not take him by surprise. His father-in-law, Lord Minto, was still at Rome when the *Roman Gazette*, in January, 1848, published the nomination of Wiseman to the Archbishopric. We know further, from Wiseman's letter to the English people, that the same Lord Minto had in the same year shown to him by the Pope the bull for the establishment of the hierarchy in England. Under Russell's Premiership, Clarendon and Grey had officially given the Catholic Bishops in Ireland and the Colonies the titles they pretended to. In 1845, when out of office, John Russell declared: "I believe that we may "repeal those disabling clauses which pre-"vent a Roman Catholic Bishop from assuming "a title held by a Bishop of the Establishment. "Nothing can be more *absurd and puerile* than to "keep such distinctions." But now, considering the weakness of his Cabinet, recollecting that the Whig cabinet of 1806 had been expelled by the anti-Popery cry, fearing lest Lord Stanley might be tempted to imitate Percival's example and out-general him during the recess of Parliament, as he had endeavored to out-general Peel by his own Edinburgh letter, he flew suddenly into an unbounded Protestant passion, and addressed his scurrilous letter to the Bishop of Durham on the 4th November, 1850—just the day before the anniversary of Guy Fawkes. In this letter he tells the Bishop: "I agree with "you in considering the late aggression of the "Pope upon our Protestantism as insolent and "insidious, and I therefore feel as indignant as "you can do upon the subject." He speaks of "the laborious endeavors which are now mak-"king to confine the intellect and enslave the "soul." He calls the Catholic ceremonies "mummeries of superstition, upon which the "great mass of the nation looks with con-"tempt;" and he finally promises to enact new laws against the Papal assumption, in case the old ones should not prove sufficient. In 1851 he brought forward his Ecclesiastical Titles bill; but, being beaten on Locke King's motion, by a combination of the Irish Brigade with the Radicals, Manchester men and Peelites, he recanted and promised an alteration of his bill, which died of consumption before it had come out of the House. Some months later, being ejected from office, he fawned again on what he had called the Pope's minions.

As his anti-Popery zeal was a false pretense, so was his Jewish Emancipation zeal. His Jewish Disabilities bill has obtained reputation as an annual farce enacted to secure to Lord John the city votes at the disposal of the Austrian Baron Rothschild. His colonial reforms, educational schemes, anti-slavery moves, were false pretenses all. "Your opposition," writes Lord Brougham to him in 1839, "to all the motions in favor of "the negroes, and your resistance even to the "attempts for stopping the newly-established "slave-trade, widened the breach between you "and the country. The fancy that the opposers "of all the motions on the slave-trade in 1838, "the enemies of every interference with the As-"semblies, should all of a sudden have become "so enamored of the negro cause as almost to "risk their tenure of place upon a bill for its "furtherance in 1839, would argue a strange "aptitude for being gulled." His legal Reform attempts—false pretenses! After the expulsion of the Melbourne cabinet had become imminent, upon the vote of no-confidence passed against them on June 4, 1841, John Russell endeavored to hurry through the House a Chancery bill, in order "to remedy one of the most urgent evils "of our legal system, the delays in the Courts "of Equity, by the creation of two new Equity "Judges." He announced this bill as "a large "installment of legal reform." His real intention was to appoint two of his followers to places in a tribunal not yet created before the Tories had yet come in. Sir Edward Sugden, to ward him off, carried a motion that the bill should not take effect before the 10th of October. Although no change whatever was made in the substance of his large and most urgent Legal Reform installment, John Russell, without any kind of excuse, threw up the whole bill at once. His tenderness for the liberty of the subject, his belief in the public press, and, as we have lately seen and shown, his warlike enthusiasm and his peace-loving moderation—false pretenses, all!

The whole man is one false pretense, his whole life one great lie, his whole activity a chain of minute intrigues for shabby ends, the swallowing of the public money and the usurpation of the mere show of power. No other man has verified to such a degree the truth of the Biblical axiom that no man is able to add one inch to his natural hight. Placed by birth, connections and social accidents on a colossal pedestal, he always remained the same *homunculus*—a malignant and distorted dwarf on the top of a pyramid. The history of the world exhibits, perhaps, no other man so great in littleness.

FROM NAHANT.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NAHANT, Thursday, Aug. 23, 1855.

Nahant may be considered in one sense an extemporized watering-place. A very few years since it was composed of a rude hotel and certain cottages where rusticated certain Bostonians within easy visiting distance by steamboat from town. Now the hotel has been so enlarged that it will accommodate about five hundred people. In regard to the style of accommodations, suffice to say that they are equal to those of the great hotels of New-York. Fresh water and plenty of it, with a shower of towels, good chambers, excellent meals and model servants—the latter having the easy sinuosity and electricity of the French school of artist-waiters—which is not wonderful, as a number are Gallic. The company however is not cosmopolitan: it is local. A stray person to be sure comes along—and there are always some here from different cities—those of Canada especially—but the dominant temper of the place is Boston—with the well-known and oft-defined characteristics of that place.

The bathing here is good, but the surf not exuberant. The bathing-houses and the bath-man, a genial individual with a splendid gold watch and no shoes, may be specially commended. Rocky-perches here are a drug, the whole little quasi-island seeming to be a hard eructation of the earth some years back. Rocks and cliffs are circumambiant the hotel, and at their bases the sea makes lather ad libitum and squirms like a colony of snakes under the influence of laughing-gas. Then tipping the sprawling waters, scintillate the distant sails, telling of commerce and courage and the manhood that lives suspended over an abyss and hugs danger as a luxury. If your object be to see the sea, there is most of the raw material at Nahant. The huge waters are ever besieging the burly rocks, as though they would storm them, but they frown defiance.

Our amusements here are, first, breakfast. Try the fish: it is very good and of seaside freshness. The tea is above hotel average, and the coffee sufficiently black. Then a lounge in the drawing-rooms, of which there are three connected as one, with a piazza looking westward. Here emerge the women, and, like women all the world over, having sewing in their hands. A very good grand piano invites some music. Besides, Miss ——, the famous amateur soprano, (fame is not confined to print—how much reputation never appears in type!) Miss —— will sing. The slipper and collar-makers, the talkers and worshipers of the various divinities, range themselves in rows in two of the drawing-rooms, while Miss —— pours out a flood of music that would make the fortune of a prima donna. Nothing short of the grace and brilliancy of the Italian school appears in this lovely amateur. Then we have Miss —— and Miss ——, all of different orders of merit and attractions. The morning lyrical impromptu lasts some two hours—the breath of the nightingales not bated by age or infirmity. Then, too, Mr. P—— of Boston plays like a master on the piano; and so the sugary minutes run. A shooting-gallery, bowling-court, fishing-boat and tackle, are all resources, and of course sea-bathing after breakfast is digested. The dinner is at 1 and 4, and, concluded, horses paw before the hotel. The drives, however, are not superlative. When we pass the tongue of land which connects Nahant with Lynn we have little else than different phases of a pretty village or ruralized town and an eternity of leather. Gods, what a crowd of shoemakers! There being nothing but shoemakers, it is understood the people live on leather, being very expert in cooking it tripe-fashion. All the statesmen of New-England here appear as shoemakers. If the motto *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* had been held to in New-England, it is probable that a "galaxy of eloquence" (blessings on the novel phrase!) would have been wanting. Choates are shoemakers, and Websters, and Chases, and Everetts, and Adamses and the Lord knows who all. Shoes! shoes! shoes! Who'll buy? But understand that a Lynn shoemaker is to Lynn what a manufacturer is to Boston, merchant to New-York, a lawyer to Philadelphia, a politician to Washington, and a planter to Charleston. It is the Leather-Aristocracy of the place. There is Mr. Oliver who has built a gem of a country seat where, if the inside be like the outside, we vote for leather. And all so neat through the town! No rubbish—no beggars—no fools. The people are all tidy, bright, and with the saline rose on their cheeks which cometh of the breeze and the fog. After shoes, in another part of the community come fish. All the streets here and houses have an ancient and fish-like smell—economies wrested out of the deep by the bold-souled inhabitants.

Coming from the drive, the tea is most inspiring. The dance of course in the evening to a German band. I hear the old Puritans turn in their coffins as their descendants spin in the voluptuous waltz. Conservatism! Oh what a nebulous film of a dream! As soon nail the serf to the rock—as soon fasten the earth to its orbit by its newly discovered ring—as keep one generation to the forms and ceremonies of another. Think of this all manner of fogies—of rubricists and constitutional stand-stills. Is waltzing so trifling? I think not. It is most suggestive. It is motion. Nay, more—circular motion. It is star-like patter in infinite turnings. It is the inspiration of youth and health and beauty. It is the sexual dream of gentleness and affection—just this side of love. It is all beauty in form. Why should hates rage when society can be externally so saccharine and Cupid-wise? I see in the waltz more of a return to the days that fired a Phidias and a Raphael than school-books which make botanists at five years of age and enable children of three to tell how many "kingdoms" enter into the composition of an umbrella.

A word on Boston society. It is not genial. The hospitality which gleams through the eyes and sheds over the stranger the light of home, admits here of infinite extensions and improvements. The Bostonian will perhaps seek the stranger. He will ask much of him—or what he considers much—that is all he has to give in social interest—and then omit in return the marked complimentary courtesy—courtesy never overlooked in all the lands I have traveled in save Nahant.

A GENTLEMAN AT LARGE.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

AMHERST, Mass., Thursday, Aug. 9, 1855.

Amherst College is situated on a gently rising, isolated hill commanding a prospect of an immense space of country that, when not bathed in copious showers as on this unfortunate Commencement morning, is unrivaled in beauty by anything I have seen this side the Tropic of Cancer, or, with two exceptions, in my life. It is itself seen at a great distance—a city set on a hill, and a beautiful city, too. The buildings were planned symmetrically, and so far constructed as to appear at a distance almost complete very early in its history. But human felicity is rarely perfect. Two things distressed the æsthetic sense of the lovers of Amherst. One was that the fifth and southernmost building persisted in absenting itself. The other was more difficult to remedy. The axis of the college hill cuts that of the buildings, the meridian and the street at an angle of some 70° or 75°. It was originally resolved to wheel it around to 90°, and the task was early begun. The most obstinate part of the hill was left—a knoll in front of the North College in the bounds of the broad street or common. Here it persisted and persists, *sedet et sedebit*. For twenty years they endured this excrescence, like the black pudding on the nose of the unfortunate Joan Nosa. As her husband proposed to adorn the deformity with gold and jewels, so here at last an octagon cabinet, enforced by an observatory adhering to one corner, rose on the offending protuberance in 1848. By some process of crystalization a smaller octagon is now developing at another angle of its parent. A President's house and since a spacious library have located themselves on the west side of the road on ground but little lower. Now the long-desired south building is rising, but the symmetry will be visible only to the birds of the air or to telescopes on the distant mountains to the south-west. Nor will the appearance of things be materially changed should the plan take effect to erect yet another hall in the rear of the whole.

So much for the exterior history of this rapidly-growing institution. A quarter of a century since the number of students was nearly the same as now (say nearly 250). Their lodging-rooms are exactly the same, or in reality two rooms less, while the public rooms will soon be three times as large as they then were. Beneath these spreading roofs have gathered and are gathering such collections as are perhaps unequaled by any other college or university in existence. Utilitarianism cries in vain *cui bono*. Here they are, and here they will be. At one time I suspect that the Trustees paid rather dearly for some of these treasures, but the latter accessions have come in spontaneously with funds to house them, and still they come. Amherst is the only country place where a naturalist can write and study, and the scientific traveler might now better leave out New-York from his tour than Amherst; and, except at Washington, no collections are growing so fast.

As another feature, and a utilitarian one it is, too, a scientific school has been added, extending its benefits to those who cannot pursue a complete college course and to those who desire to go beyond it. Amherst College, then, has now a definite character of its own, which it will never lose. It will ever be the home of the naturalist. Such is Amherst, a high, healthy village, a terra incognita to the mosketo, quiet, for it is the terminus of a railroad of which the stock will never be very high; within the pale of a pretty well executed prohibitory law, and where the students' standard of morality is, perhaps, as high as in any other. An honored future awaits it.

They say at all colleges that it never rains on *their* Commencement. They will not say so here for some years to come. It poured, and for the first time, perhaps, in the history of the college, the house was not full at the beginning of the exercises. It soon filled, and ultimately the rain ceased, and we had a cool, pleasant time. The speaking seemed quite good, and the class appear uncommonly fine. I send you the list of speakers and also of the graduates.

HONORARY DEGREES—A. M.: Ryland H. Warriner, Nathan Chamberlain, and Lieut. Rufus Saxton, U. S. A. S. T. D.: The Rev. Edward N. Kirk and the Rev. Frederick D. Huntington. LL. D.: Luther V. Bell.

You see two poems in the order of exercises: both went off very well indeed—as did all the exercises.

The dinner was a fine, leisurely, abundant affair, held under a large tent on the site for the proposed Hall for the Societies and the Alumni. It seems that this Hall is to be a reality, for the graduating class have subscribed $1,700 toward it.

After dinner speeches were made by the President, Prof. Hitchcock, Prof. Haven, Dr. Absalom Peters, the Rev. J. P. Thompson, the Rev. Wm. I. Budington, the Rev. Dr. Stearns of Newark, N. J., (brother of President S.,) Prof. Hackett of Cambridge, Mr. Derby, father of the valedictorian, and lastly the Rev. Asa D. Smith, D. D., of New-York.

Geo. B. Jewett, A. M., Professor of Latin and Modern Languages, has resigned, and the Professorship remains vacant. Theo. H. Benjamin, Edw. P. Crowell and John M. Greene were elected Tutors.

You are indebted to innumerable persons for favors rendered your correspondent for your sake, and more particularly to Prof. Wm. S. Clark. H.

OPENING OF TUFTS' COLLEGE, AT SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WEST BRIDGEWATER, Mass., Aug. 22, 1855.

This institution is under the care of the Universalists. It is located on Walnut Hill on the line between Medford and Somerville, five miles northwest of the metropolis of New-England, in one of the most delightful regions in the world. A dozen or fifteen cities and villages are in full view from the summit of the hill, within a circle of five or seven miles around, which, interspersed with the fields, groves, rivers, ponds, hills, valleys and ocean scenes around and among them, form one of the most pleasing and interesting panoramas the eye can look upon.

The opening of this College and the inauguration of the Faculty took place on Wednesday, the 22d inst., under circumstances highly promising for the success and usefulness of the institution.

The audience, some 1,000 or 1,200, having assembled in the chapel of the College, prayer was offered by the Rev. Henry Bacon of Philadelphia.

The Installing Address was made by the Rev. Thomas Whittemore, who gave a history of the movement which had at length been crowned with success, and appropriately inducted the officers, welcomed them, and consecrated the institution to its noble purposes.

The response was made by the Rev. Hosea Ballou 2d, D. D., of Somerville, the President of the College.

President Ballou then gave his Inaugural Address, which abounded in sound practical remarks, setting forth the objects of the institution and the influences which colleges exert as the head of educational institutions.

The closing prayer was offered by the Rev. E. Fisher of Salem, after which the company formed procession and marched to a mammoth tent erected on the College lawn, where an excellent dinner awaited them.

The Rev. A. E. Lawrie of Charlestown invoked the Divine blessing.

After the collation, the audience were welcomed by President Ballou.

The Chairman of the Committee then read a letter from Gov. Gardner, expressing his regret at being unable to be present on account of a meeting of the Council.

The following sentiments were offered:

1. *Charles Tufts, Esq., the founder of Tufts' College*—May the fruition of his hopes gladden his heart through his earthly pilgrimage.

2. *The Founding of the first Universalist College in the world*—The success of the enterprise must be as honorable to the generous donors as it is gratifying to the indefatigable agent.

The Rev. O. A. Skinner, the agent who collected the funds for the College, responded to this sentiment, pesenting the circumstances under which the Institution was founded, complimenting Mr. Tufts, the founder, and giving an account of his labors in canvassing the country for money.

3. *Knowledge is Power*—An aphorism verified in the vocation of the Christian Orator.

The Rev. E. H. Chapin responded to this sentiment in one of his happiest efforts. He showed that not only is knowledge power, but purpose: and that moral purpose is the highest power; and alluding to the generous contributions for founding institutions of learning, showed that he who has a dollar to spare may through such institutions wield this power. In this connection he remarked that he saw the City of Boston in mourning, as he passed through it to this place, for one of her great benefactors—for one of the world's benefactors; and referring to the future influence of the Lawrence Scientific School and its benefit to all future ages, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Abbott Lawrence.

4. *Tufts's College Educational Association.*

This sentiment called up the Rev. A. A. Miner of Boston, whose sensible and practical remarks were received with hearty applause.

Before closing he read a letter from Mr. Sylvanus Packard, donor to the College to the amount of $20,000, and who in this letter agreed to give his bond for the sum of $30,000 more, to be paid to the College at his decease, provided a like sum or more should be guaranteed by others in the space of three years. In addition to this munifi-cence he headed a subscription with $500 to be taken on the spot for present emergencies.

5. *Sylvanus Packard, Esq.* (Received with hearty cheers.)

6. *Our Financier*—Our treasury being empty, we draw a sight upon our Treasurer.

This sentiment called up B. B. Mussey, Esq., the Treasurer of the Institution. He was followed by the Rev. T. B. Thayer of Lowell, and the Rev. Thomas Whittemore.

The closing sentiment was:

The last written speech of Sylvanus Packard—It has been said by N. P. Willis that every word of Daniel Webster's weighed a pound; it may be said that every word of Mr. Packard's weighs a pound sterling.

The services closed by singing a doxology.

The liveliest zeal and the happiest feeling prevailed throughout the exercises, and the company separated gratified with the progress thus far made toward the establishment of a first-class Institution, whose Faculty will be of the Universalist faith.

OAKWOOD SEMINARY—MAINE LAW—POLITICS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

UNION SPRINGS, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1855.

The Annual Examination and attendant exercises at Oakwood Female Seminary, in this village, took place a few days since. Prof. Hyde of Cazenovia gave a thoughtful and thought-inspiring address on "Development." He gave interesting sketches of what the infancy and childhood of our race had been and is, and held forth a glorious picture of what its youth and manhood is to be. The Rev. Dr. Condit of Oswego gave an address to the young ladies, dwelling on the capacities, privileges and duties of woman. His pleasant pictures of the domestic and social relations, and his warm exhortation to faithfulness and duty, met a hearty response from a large and interested audience.

Adjoining the Seminary grounds is a beautiful oak grove, which last spring was destined to be leveled and converted into house lots, but our townsman, Laban Hoskins, purchased and saved it to the Seminary and village, for which noble deed our citizens give him their hearty thanks.

We despair of ever seeing a case under the Maine Law. The truth is, our town and village prohibited the rum traffic years ago, and its hateful and never-failing excrescences—poverty, wretchedness and crime—have nearly disappeared from our midst; and it already begins to look like a dream to suppose that such a hideous curse was ever permitted to debase the hearts and blight the homes of the unfortunate and ignorant in any community of rational beings. When the great truth, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of "the least of these my brethren, ye have done it "unto me," is recognized, even among professed Christians, a light will shine forth that will renovate the heart and conscience of society, and spread its benign savor to the uttermost parts of the earth. But let him only who hath not sinned cast stones for past errors. While we labor earnestly to repress wrong-doing, let us not forget our duty to benefit and save the wrong-doers. Many of the most efficient workers among us have come over from the enemy from a sense of the justice of our cause, and I doubt not but thousands more will become co-laborers with us in the cause of right and humanity.

I have not seen a drunken man since the Fourth, yet I have traveled through Tompkins, Tioga, Chemung, Steuben, Yates, Ontario and Seneca. I stopped at different hotels in all those counties, and have not in a single instance seen any appearance of liquor-drinking; and the hotel-keepers appeared good-natured and much more indifferent on the subject than I had anticipated. All admit that *if* the law can be sustained and enforced it will be a great benefit to a "certain "class."

We had a fire on Sunday morning, destroying the ax-helve factory of Messrs. Wright & Lebonmedieu. Loss about $5,000; no insurance. C.

TO MONTAUK.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

EASTHAMPTON, Saturday, Aug. 18, 1855.

From a desire to inhale a good long draught of pure, untainted ocean air, rather than to gratify any inclinations we may have had to follow the footsteps of the fashionables—who, after the prevailing custom, deem a Summer in town a sort of temporary purgatory, and therefore unceremoniously forsake the comforts of home for the inconveniences, impositions and equivocal benefits to be obtained at the various watering-places—we lately decided upon making a brief exploration of the eastern extremity of Long Island.

Depositing, therefore, two or three clean indispensables in our patent-leather bag, we stepped upon a train of cars in Atlantic-st. Brooklyn, and were soon after rumbling through the tunnel under the pavements of that thoroughfare. After various sensations as we sat in the smoky darkness, we emerged into purer air, and were not long in being whirled beyond the suburbs of the "City of Churches." To those who have once traversed the Island, a *trip* on paper will be of no novelty: and to those who have not, we must confess we think the trip by *railroad* will be of even less interest—endless plains of sandy barrenness, occasionally diversified by scrub oaks or stunted pines, being the predominating feature of the landscape: and the idea one forms of the country by a ride through it, via Long Island Railroad, is anything but flattering to it: and it is truly a relief at last to obtain a glimpse of salt water as we enter Greenport. Here, as well as at most of the watering-places, the hotels are crowded to repletion, and one may consider himself fortunate to obtain a night's lodging there.

Leaving the cars here we stepped on board the diminutive little steamer Barroso, and were soon following the sinuosities of Gardnier's Bay and Shelter Island—a ride of some six or eight miles bringing us to that deserted looking seaport, Sag Harbor, once favorably known as a resort for whaling vessels. Its glory has departed, and now it can boast of but little of its former activity.

Two or three dismantled, clumsy looking vessels were lying at the wharf, while here and there a schooner, fishing-smack or porgie-boat, floated listlessly on the wide-spreading bay. We found a vehicle ready to convey us to Easthampton, eight miles distant, and by dint of much squeezing, five some posturing, and fighting of blood-thirsty musketoes, we succeeded in whiling away an hour's ride to that antiquated town. It is rural, indeed, in its general appearance—its peculiarities being old-fashioned, square-built domicils, shingled from sill to roof-tree; little windows, evidently designed to exclude all unnecessary air and light: a wide grassy street with a narrow carriage-path on either side, and a goose pond in the center, with a few weeping willows overhanging it: an ancient graveyard, with mossy stones, "sacred to the memory of "the oldest inhabitants," while now and then a more modern piece of sculpture has been erected by way of contrast with the more time-honored relics of departed worth. Almost every house in the little village was filled with visitors from New-York and Brooklyn, but a willingness to "accom-"modate" on the part of a well-known hostess found means for supplying the wants of our party for the night; and though we slept in the attic and upon beds of straw, we were quite as unconscious of outward events as if resting upon couches of down. Up with the sun the next morning, we enjoyed the fresh eggs, genuine cream, and new potatoes—things not attainable in Gotham—and were not long after whirling along toward the uprising sun, with the pure salt air blowing freely in our faces. For four or five miles the road extends over a low sandy plain, which, from appearances, would seem to have been reclaimed from the sea. It is not unfrequently marshy, and covered mostly with sand-grass, stunted evergreens and low bushes, utterly unfit for cultivation, and the abode of numberless musketoes and sand-flies. After leaving this the land is hilly, and for a few miles covered with oaks of limited size, pines and various kinds of underbrush.

Beyond this it continues to be hilly but without